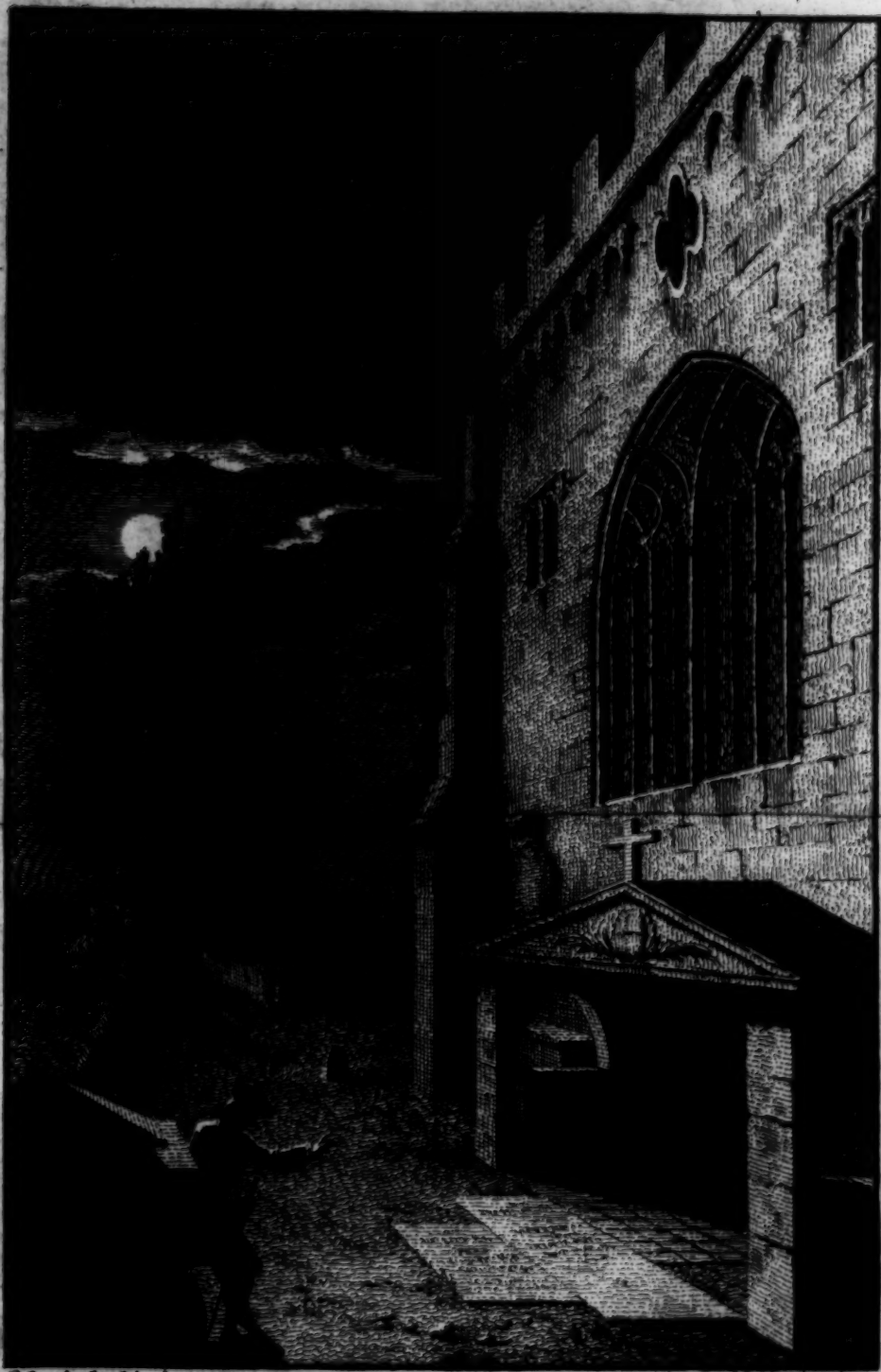




G. Cumberland inv.

M. A. Roeder sculp.

*Hail, precious Moments! stol'n from the black waste,
Of Murder'd Time.*

Young.

48

T H E

C Y P R E S S - T R E E ;

O R,

M O R A L R E F L E C T I O N S

I N A

C O U N T R Y C H U R C H - Y A R D .

Whole *Grave* precribes the best?—a *Friend's*;—and yet,
From a *Friend's Grave* how soon we disengage!
Ev'n to the *dearest* as his *Marble* cold.
Why are *Friends* ravish'd from us? 'Tis to bind,
By soft *Affection's* Tyes, on human Hearts,
The Thought of Death, which *Reason* too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *there*.

Y O U N G .

L O N D O N :

Printed for GEORGE KEARSLEY, at No. 46, near Serjeants-Inn, in Fleet-street.

M.DCC.LXXV.

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T O T H E

P U B L I C.

AS the following Piece is the hasty production of a few moments leisure from the avocations of a hurrying business, and not written by one who could allow much time for the arrangement of proper ideas, sentiment and inference;—as the Author has likewise the very powerful pleas of youth and inexperience on his side, he flatters himself that, if he meets not with the wished-for approbation of critical minds, they will generously qualify their censure upon those accounts.

When he first undertook the performance of these REFLECTIONS, they were intended merely as rational and instructive amusements: He has attempted to delineate some characters from fancy, but with what degree of propriety, must be submitted to the candid Reader.

The Author flatters himself, that the indulgence so frequently extended by a generous Public to the first effort of an infant Muse, will be his
a present

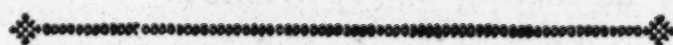
present portion; and if he is cherished by their applause, or instructed by candid criticism, he may perhaps attempt an higher flight, and produce something more perfect, and much more worthy of their patronage.

The Author has taken the liberty of occasionally adding half a foot to the measure, and in some few places of curtailing it:—As his motive for so doing was, by varying the tone to relieve the ear, he flatters himself he shall escape the censure of judicious Readers.

R E F L E C T I O N S

I N A

C H U R C H - Y A R D.



DEATH, grizzly tyrant, from the lofty tow'r
Proclaims another triumph :—dismal, deep,
The tolling strokes resound the doleful doom
Of fair *Calista*, fall'n beneath his lance.

How gloomy is this spot !—the *Cypress Tree*,
Sacred to sorrow, thrives on this sad soil ;
The baleful *Yew* extends her dark-green boughs,
Shadowing the shade of death :—here man may weep,
May sit and sigh, and mourn the dear departed,
And recollect his former happy hours,
And wish they'd lasted longer.—Here beneath,
To dust consign'd, all of *Fidelia* mortal
To the dark chambers of the grave convey'd,
In quiet sleeps—the cold clay rests in peace :—

No more assiduous shall she tend her spouse,
 Or nurse her tender offspring on her knee :
 No more behold the eye of modest want
 Pouring its blessings on her :—sound she sleeps,
 Nor hears the praises that the poor bestow,
 Nor knows what anguish rends her husband's heart.

Oh turn, mine eyes, oh turn, nor view the place,
 Where pompous epitaph, and blazon'd stone,
 Falsely declare the virtues of the dead :
 Can high rank soften *Suicide* ; that crime
 Of damning dye, admitting no repentance ?
 Then may the garter'd peer heroic rush
 Undaunted to the presence of his Maker,
 Boldly declaring, he will live no longer.—
 But let me stop him in his mad career,
 Call with the voice of Pity and Religion,
 “ Oh spare thyself, rash man ! down with that knife,
 Those murd'rous pistols part with.
 Let God save thee—let thy Maker snatch thee
 E'en as a burning brand from off the fire :—
 ‘ Distress lies heavy on thee’——well, I grant it ;
 But he who punishes can also pardon :
 Thy sins drew down the sentence ; but forsake them,
 Sunshine eternal soon shall dawn upon thee.
 Wilt thou prevent the mercy that thy God
 Perhaps reserveth for thee ?——oh beware,
 Lest vengeance everlasting may await thee !
 Are thy pangs numerous, thy pleasures fled,

No future prospect opening?—trust to God.
 Doth not the day-light's rise from night's domain
 Diurnal lessons teach us? or on earth
 Should solid satisfaction never spring,
 Yet short is our abode, our tarrying here;
 Ere many suns revolve, or moons may wane,
 We and our sorrows may be sever'd far.
 Then let cool contemplation still preside;
 Then let us meditate our dying day,
 And think on what may follow—patient wait
 The solemn hour appointed by our God,
 Who lives, who reigns, who orders what is right."

Beneath these osier twigs, this humble bar,
 That only tells the name, and when he died,
 There lies an honest man, who when alive
 Was but a peasant poor; but such a one,
 As coronets might bow to: yes, my friend,
 Thy character still lives, tho' thou art fled;
 Thy memory is dear; and oft the parent fond,
 With looks paternal, to his darling boy
 Says, "Live as *William* liv'd; let my grey hairs
 "Go to the grave in peace; live as he liv'd,
 "And my last breath shall bless thee: be like him,
 "True to thy King, thy Country and thy God.
 "And, should'st thou marry, follow his example;
 "Seek not for beauty, but for solid sense:
 "And chuse a wife that, if misfortunes happen,
 "Will readily assist thee; nor will scorn

"An

" An humble office, if it cheers her husband.
 " Twice twenty years he liv'd in nuptial bliss,
 " And no contention in his cot was known,
 " But which should work the hardest; heav'n smil'd,
 " Men prais'd, and all who knew caress'd them."

From thund'ring cannons roar, from fighting fields,
 Where Britain's honour call'd him, now releas'd
 Here lies the brave *Laertes*:—he no more
 Unsheaths the shining sword, nor e'er beholds
 The Gallic squadrons fly; nor Minden's plains,
 Where England's phalanx fought for fame eternal,
 Shall he review again—nor mount the breach,
 Fearless of tott'ring turrets, or the mines
 Pregnant with death immediate: yet above,
 Ev'n in the Book of Life, it is recorded,
 He fought the fight of faith; and he shall hear
 The trumpet's voice again; the trump of God,
 By Michael sounded, shall pervade his ear,
 Calling to victory, to triumph high,
 To conquest final over death and hell.

What sweet simplicity and pow'rful truth
 This epitaph contains!—It is a lesson,
 E'en to the deep theologist; to those
 Who dwell beneath the night of darkness drear,
 A comprehensive treasure, great and glorious.

" Whofo

" Whofo him bethoft,
 " Inwardly and oft,
 " How hard it were to flit,
 " From bed into the pit,
 " From pit unto pain,
 " Ne'er to return again,
 " He would not do one fin,
 " The whole world for to win."

(1582.)

Oh would to heav'n all epitaphs like this
 Taught fuch divine instruction! but, alas,
 How oft is doggrel rhyme and halting verfe,
 Senfe much deficient, sentiments unfit,
 Perhaps an idle pun, or ill-tim'd jeft,
 Plac'd o'er the afhes of the facred dead?

From *Alpine heights*, and *Pyrenean fnows*,
 From years of travel, toil, and vaft expence,
 To purchafe *pictures*, bring a *relique* home,
 Obtain an *Otho*, toast a *Courtezan*,
 Lo *Curio* returns! What has he gain'd?
 His flock of knowledge fure is much encreas'd,
 His fingle talent muft be render'd ten;
 Oh ten times ten;—for *Curio* could tell
 How many gallies had the *Genoefe*;
 Could fpeak of *Venice*, and the wond'rous ftate
 With which the *Doge* espous'd the *Adrian fea*:
Loretto's fables hung upon his tongue;—
Vefuvius' burning mount full well he knew;

He brought some *Lava* home, and much he fear'd
 That *Naples* some day might lament, too late,
 Its sad vicinity. *Rome's* vast ruins,
 The *Amphitheatre*, the *Pillar high*,
 That *Trajan* had erected; they were great:—
 The *Baths of Baia*, sweet *Campagna's Vale*,
 The polish'd manners of *Italia's* sons,
 Their splendid palaces, their sumptuous feasts,
 How oft would he declare in rapt'rous tone!
 Yet knew he nought of *Stow's* elysian scenes;—
 He'd heard, perhaps, of *Blenheim* or of *Wilton*,
 Of *Chatworth*, *Hampton*, or of *Windsor's tow'r*,
 But never had beheld them. *Snowdon's* top,
 Hoary with frost, his eyes had never seen.
 The cavern'd wonders of the *Derby Peak*
 But by report he knew;—and what's *St. Paul's*,
 Oppos'd to *Peter's* most stupendous dome;
 Or *Thames* compar'd with *Tyber's* famous stream?
 Forbear, my Muse, oh whither am I borne!
 Why thus on flutt'ring wing excursive range,
 And satirize the dead?—In *Curio's* grave
 Be all his foibles bury'd and forgotten:
 And who am I that censure? am I free
 From partial prejudices, trivial aims?
 The conscious blush that clothes my cheek with shame,
 Declares I am not; none of *Adam's* sons
 Were ever quite exempt from vain pursuits.
 The best commit some errors; candour oft
 Should sit in Justice' seat and poise the scales;

And

And frail humanity should always view
 With pity's full-fraught eye. At thy mistakes,
 Oh *Curio*, I have look'd through mediums false,
 Which magnified all objects.—Lo, I turn,
 And a bright Nymph, all clad in rayment white,
 Celestial Charity, appears before me,
 And holds a mirror, which had I beheld
 Ere thus I wrote, such gall had never flow'd
 In dingy streams from this polluted pen.
 I see thy virtues : hark ! yon widow's voice,
 In plaintive, pleasing, unaffected sounds,
 Says, " Debt and danger fought my humble hut,
 " 'Till *Curio* reliev'd me—from the depth
 " Of deep distress he snatch'd my babe and me ;
 " Sav'd us from shame—yes, from the parish sav'd
 " Those who will ever venerate his name.

Here lieth *One*, on whom the hand of heav'n
 Lay heavy many years : *Marcus* sleeps ;
 The surging floods of sorrow dash no more
 Against his *moon-struck mind*. Oh what a loss,
 A loss unspeakable, is that of reason !
 Oft have I seen him, with his optics fix'd,
 Staring at vacancy :—have heard him rage
 Fierce as a dæmon—how his eye-balls roll'd !
 He clank'd his chains, and desp'rate gnash'd his teeth,
 Chewing the cud of bitterness : I've seen him shed
 Tears might have soften'd marble, or the hearts
 Harder than adamant (if hearts they had)

Who drove him to the precipice of ruin.
 I've known him laugh so loud, that those who heard
 Laugh'd not for hours after:—he would chaunt
 Anon a ditty wild, and now a psalm;
 Then fall in conversation with himself,
 Telling himself a secret—"hush!" said he,
 "Let no one hear me—Tom, thou art not mad—
 "Hark! the hounds cry, and hear the echoing horn—
 "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!—
 "Who said I was a liar? bring him here,
 "My dignity's insulted—where's my wife?—
 "I fain would see my father; I forgive him;
 "A King's word seals his pardon—
 "His head is white—what colour is his heart?—
 "My eyes are dim with age; I cannot see.—
 "Look, look, look, look, how pale he stands before me!—
 "I pity and I pardon—take him hence."

Marcus! I can no more; my heart's too full;
 Thy head is settled now; *of the cold grave*
Fathers nor Uncles could not disinherit;
Their cruelty pursu'd thee even thither,
*But there their power stopp'd—*And as thy faults,
 Scann'd by impartial minds, venial appear'd,
 And as thy punishment was so severe,
 I trust felicity in full proportion
 Awaited thy arrival on the coasts,
 The happy colony where peace presides.

Here

Here my *Philander* lies ;—how oft traduc'd!
 A niggard miser call'd, a very wretch
 Who sinn'd against himself, and tasted not
 The bounties heav'n bestow'd.—I knew it false,
 Tho' the world knew it not.—Yes, in a sphere
 Somewhat confin'd he liv'd, but 'twas to make
 His pow'r of blessing greater.—No Pharisaic blast
 To men proclaim'd the gen'rous benefactor :
 When prisons lost their tenants, wond'ring debtors
 To families restor'd, have vainly fought
 To find and bless the man who set them free.
 Were countries flooded, was the farmer ruin'd,
 His wife and babes observant of his eye,
 Which spoke distress unutterable—was his lord
 Still rigidly severe; did he exact
 The rental full, nor grant some small indulgence,
 Swift as an angel from the heav'nly hills
Philander heard and sav'd them, yet by means
 They ne'r could trace, by ways they ne'er could fathom.
 —Living, I lov'd thee—dead, I'll do thee justice!
 Yes, my *Philander*, I have known thee rise
 Ere the lark left her nest, to gain by toil
 A fortune equal to thy noble heart :
 The blind, the lame, the lunatic, the ideot,
 Have of thy purse partaken ; yet the hand
 Was still conceal'd from whence the bounty flow'd :—
 No candidate for praise but that of God's ;
 No vain solicitor of man's applause,
 Thou pass'd through life, tranquil, yet not belov'd,

Because too little known : I knew thee well,
 And deeply feel the loss of my *Philander*.
 Yet thou art gone to him, who left a blessing
 On those who cloath'd the poor, the hungry fed.
 Misjudging men shall never more arraign thee ;
 Thy sky is all serene—thy golden harp
 In harmony hymns high redeeming love.

How soon, *Amator*, hast thou run thy race!
 How soon thy course compleated!—let me see,
 Scarce twenty-one thy age—yet here thou art,
 A hapless victim to *Cleora's* eyes. How oft at morn
 Along the willow walk I've seen thee stray,
 With arms enfolded and dejected mien ;
 Or by the fractur'd abbey's ivy walls
 Pacing with sad solemnity!—I once beheld
 Health smiling on thy brows; yes, roseate health
 Once beautify'd thy cheeks. Alas! how pale,
 Alas, now pale in death! With sprightly wit,
 Refin'd from gross alloy. I knew thee set
 The table on a roar:—now thou art mute ;
 No speech nor language in the grave is heard,
 But solemn silence reigns for ever there.—
 Oh pow'rful love, how wide thy influence spreads ;
 How strong thy chains, how absolute thy sway!—
Amator deeply felt them, tho' endu'd
 With ev'ry grace to please the female heart :
 Of figure elegant, of solid sense,
 Could sweetly sing, or vivify the flute ;

His temper chearful, and his manners mild ;
 Large his domain, a father to the poor ;
 Yet though *Cleora* lov'd him, 'twas her pride
 To have a train of lovers at her nod ;
 To swell her triumphs, and encrease her slaves,
 So to become *the envy of her sex,*
Of ours the admiration.——

Oh simple, simple maid, thy cruel shafts
 Have slain a faithful youth, have kill'd the man
 Who might have made thee happy. Was it kind,
 With answer cool, a negligence affected,
 An haughty air, or a disdainful look,
 To treat the swain who lov'd thee? Ere his death,
 Was not his face with anguish furrow'd deep,
 Thou his physician, and thou would not cure?
 Oh cruel maid!—but why do I address thee?
 Yon grave contains thy clay-cold lovely limbs,
 Yon grave contains *Cleora*.

Fallen are thy lofty looks, thy beauty fled;
 Where are thy vassals, what thy conquests now?—
 Thy vassals are no more—thy brilliant eye
 Darts not destruction now—'tis dim in death :
 Thy ear is deaf to music and to love;
 Thy charming voice chaunts not its much-lov'd lay;
 Thy lily arm—thy symmetry divine
 Commands no lovers now :—and at the ball,
 Who now shall lead the dance? or who attract,
 With graceful elegance and native ease,

The

The admiration of obsequious beaus ?
 Who from the stage-box, flush'd with conscious charms
 Shall call the eyes of hundreds to behold
 A demi-goddes in her splendid drefs ?
 How short thy reign, thou Fair One, Queen of Smiles,
 Of winning arts, and ev'ry pleasing pow'r !—
 T' insult the dead I scorn : yet, yet Cleora,
 Thy conduct call'd for censure !—Be the fair,
 The blooming daughters of Britannia's Isle,
 By thy example taught to be sincere ;
 And place some value on an honest heart.—
 For say, what real pleasure can they find
 In tort'ring those they love ? The triumph's mean
 Said I a triumph ? I recal that word ;
 'Tis a disgrace to honour and the sex !
 But delicacy here restrains my pen ;
 The *British ladies* are not like *Cleora*.

Horses and hounds forgotten, six feet deep
 Supine the *Squire* dwells ; although his grave
 Old *Ringwood* circuits oft, and tears the earth,
 And loudly mourns his master ; in the field
 Who equall'd Lumpkin's skill ?—for what's a gate,
 Or what a quickset hedge, or riv'let broad ?
 Nothing to daring spirits, fiery steeds,
 Chear'd by th' inspiring horn, and full-mouth'd hounds :
 Glorious the conquest's o'er a timid hare !
 Or over hedge and ditch, through ev'ry brake,
 Then panting, gain the mountain's steepy brow,

And

And plunge into the vale; to trace the fox,
 Whose cunning oft deceives them:—
 Such sports as these give pleasure unto some;
 Such sports as these I ever will avoid.

What, can the goût of *Calipash* be lost?
 Can that of *Callipee* be quite forgot?
 Yes, they may be forgotten; for behold,
 Pasties and haunches, ice-creams and ragouts,
 With all the superfluities of taste,
 Interr'd within this hollow space of earth,
 Sleep with their master, *Somnus*: And can man,
 Whose mind immortal soars beyond the moon,
 Beyond the sun, and planetary sphere,
 Whose mind can rise to Contemplation's height,
 Descend so low, as to permit his taste
 To banquet here, and wish for nothing more?
 Sure 'tis not so—*Somnus* has been traduc'd;
 In error's mists, and a mistaken path,
 I must have been bewilder'd; meats and drinks
 Were given by great *JEHOVAH*, to sustain,
 To nourish and support the human frame:
 But order is inverted, when excess
 Poisons the palate, and destroys the brain.
 Is *Port* too vulgar? Be it *Claret* then;
 Or rich *Burgundia's* wine, or richer *Sack*;
 Or let it be *Madeira's* grateful grape,
 By voyages improv'd; twice ten years old,
 Not *Nectar's* more divine! Sleep, *Somnus*, sleep,

E

I mean

I mean not to disturb thy long repose :
 'The water taken from a simple rill,
 With plain brown bread, one dish, one chearful glass,
 Can satisfy the humble, humble swain,
 That walks thy tomb-stone now.

Need I, *Matilda*, wish to thy remains,
 Or what in brighter worlds existing shines,
 Peace, or a blessing? no, I will not wrong thee.
 He who beheld thee trav'ling through this vale,
 This vale of tribulation and of tears,
 'Till ninety years had cloath'd thy head with snow,
 Never forgot nor ever did forsake thee :
 Then rest thy hoary honours, 'till the morn
 Of vast Eternity shall deck the skies—
 When thou shalt rise again restor'd to youth,
 To meet thy Maker, and thy Saviour hail.

Fast flow my sorrows when I view the grave
 Where *Florio* sleeps in death :—Unhappy youth !
 Could not the precepts taught thee by thy father,
 Could not the thoughts of a fond mother's tears,
 Restrain the fire of youth, and call thee back
 From what is falsely, oh most falsely, call'd
The vindication of insulted honour?
 Oh sheath yon glitt'ring steel—I see it now—
 I view the thrust—behold the bosom bare
 Defying heav'n and man—I see thee pale,
 I see thee fall to earth, a mangled corpse :—

O'er

O'er thy slain body thy opponent stands,
 Dejected, tho' triumphant! In his heart
 A dagger's fix'd he never can extract:—
 And what's the mighty cause, that thus with swords
 Ye fought each other's lives? A word, a word,
 Only one rash one and about a *woman*!
 Oh from what trifles spring the greatest strife;
 Mischiefs unnumber'd from the slightest cause!
 Man against man, one kingdom 'gainst another;
 And all from misconception.—Had but thou
 Oh ill-starr'd boy! whose fate I now lament,
 Possess'd the prudence to explain the cause,
 And rise superior to the vulgar sense,
 This day thou might'st have liv'd thy country's pride,
 Afforded pleasure to thy many friends,
 Display'd thy social virtues all around,
 And to posterity consign'd thy name
 With honour everlasting:—
 But yielding rashly unto passion's call,
 Thou fought the fatal field.—Accurs'd be him,
 Oh be his mem'ry ever stigmatiz'd,
 Who introduc'd this horrid Gothic crime,
 And set example unto future times
 To massacre each other!——
 Am I severe? it cannot, cannot be;
 I shudder but to think; what then to act;
 To send a soul into perdition dire;
 To send it trembling to a dread account,
 And that account be given to its God!——

Draw, draw the curtain—I would see no more.—

Here lay thy ashes, *Florio*, but thy soul,

Oh whither is it fled? God only knows.

Florio, I hope all, all is happy with thee!

But see, *Calista's* funeral appears!

Dare I believe mine eyes?—and is it thus

I see her body borne!—her father where?

The many mourners where?—Alas! I fear

In silence sad they sit, and oft th' ideas

Of modesty impeach'd, and honour lost,

May crimson virtuous cheeks, but still the thoughts

Of pious penitence, contrition deep,

Of former spotless conduct, may remain

To cancel one frail moment.—Hapless Fair!

Not thus attended did I e'er expect

To see thee carried to thy last long home:

Instead of this, I thought before thy corpse,

With sad solemnity, I should have view'd

Six maidens blooming, in their snowy vests,

Their handkerchiefs not dry, with fragrant flow'rs,

(Cull'd from the beauteous progeny of spring)

Forming a pillow fair, for thee to rest

Thy fairer head upon. Instead of this!

I thought to see thy father following,

Almost o'erwhelm'd with grief; and even now,

Fancy conveys me to his lock'd-up room,

Where he is mourning thy disastrous lot:—

Thy father weeps; he cries, "My lov'd *Calista*!

" Child

" Child of my age, and once my greatest joy,
 " Why art thou fled so soon, so very soon?
 " Why didst thou long to quit thy parent dear,
 " And leave a pilgrim in this wild of woe?
 " Would God I had died for thee, oh my child,
 " Nor drank so deep the bitter dregs of life!
 " Censorious tongues have kill'd thee: Curses rest,
 " An old man's curses rest upon his head,
 " Who robb'd thee of thy virtue. Barb'rous wretch!
 " How could he look upon thy lovely face,
 " And destine thee to ruin? Villain! villain!
 " Master of ev'ry art to charm the fair,
 " He won my dear Calista: By promises,
 " By vows, by threats, and tears he gain'd
 " A fatal, fatal conquest.—Oh, Calista!—
 " But I forgive thee; *God* has also pardon'd;
 " Thy latter moments told me he has pardon'd;
 " And thou art gone where sorrow cannot reach thee,
 " Where shame can ne'er o'ertake thee:—
 " Then tell thy mother, soon I will be with her;
 " Tell her, that since the hour she left my side,
 " By bed has been uneasy: rest and peace
 " Have fled my bosom long. Tell her, my child,
 " That grief for thee has brought me on a stage
 " In my long journey. Oh that *God*
 " Would free me from my pain, and leave the gay
 " This life, their wish'd-for portion; and would spare,
 " Though my blood chills, and my hairs stand erected
 " At mention of his name; would spare *Lorenzo*!

" My curses I recal : Oh spare him yet
 " To penitence, 'till he has made his peace,
 " And found a pardon thro' the *Cross of Christ*."
 Coldness confest, with melancholy mixt,
 Fill the spectators eyes, as round the grave
 Promiscuously they stand. The service o'er,
 Some mourn her early doom, whilst some condemn
 In terms severe her most unhappy fall.
 Malice portends her sting : " yes, she was fair,
 " Was handsome, elegant, the darling toast,
 " Who danc'd, who sang, who conquer'd ev'ry heart.
 " What is she now, and what name left behind her ?"
 Ungen'rous railer, I will let thee know :
 She's now a saint in heav'n : with *Magdalen*
 She sings the songs of *Zion*—the name she left is this—
 A PENITENT.—
 Cease then with calumny's envenom'd tongue
 To blast her reputation. She had virtues ;
 Why art thou blind to them ; and with an eye,
 Keen as a *hawk's* when darting on his prey,
 Would view her ev'ry failing ? Oh forbear ;
 Rival her goodness, and her errors shun.
 Crowds quit the church-yard, and I fear forget
 The solemn spectacle they now have seen.
 But let me stay, and moralize a while ;
 Continue my acquaintance with the tombs,
 And, viewing characters of various dyes,
 Learn to reform my own ; before my knell
 Shall tell the village *Juvenis* is dead.

Call all the *Muses*, all th' harmonious *Nine*,
 And sound his praises high, and sing his worth,
 And tell posterity how much they lost
 When *Senex* left this life. No—I retract,
 No *Muse* will I invoke, *Apollo*, hence—
 Call his *parishioners*, *his people dear*,
 Who fed in Jesus' pasture ; call me them,
 And let them tell me, tell me from their hearts,
 How much to him they owe. Oft has the cock,
 That harbinger of morn, with crowings early
 Found him some hours awake ; studious to spend
 His ev'ry pow'r in pleading Jesus' cause,
 In rescuing souls from hell ; the mildest tongue,
 To the poor penitent that ever talk'd ;
 Or if he prob'd, his probings still were gentle ;
 Necessity alone made him severe.—
 In him the most illit'rate found a friend :—
 What could he do to serve them ? Lo, 'tis done !
 The good he comforted, the stray reprov'd,
 Brought back the erring wand'rer to the flock,
 And pray'd and panted for them ; for his heart
 Could know no rest whilst others were in danger.
 Well I remember, can I e'er forget,
 When to this humid earth I saw his corpse
 Most solemnly convey'd ; what numbers flock'd,
 Desirous much to pay their last respects
 To their departed pastor ? How they mourn'd !
 Oft did they weep—and still they wept again ;
 Not a dry eye was seen—but when the words

"Dust unto dust" were read—a gen'ral burst,
 A lamentation wild was instant heard,
 All crouded on, all press'd to see the coffin,
 To take their last look—see the hallow'd dust
 Sepulchred low in earth—and when the rites
 Were absolutely ended, mute in woe
 They gaz'd upon each other—not a tongue
 Was heard to speak—they sigh'd—their honest cheeks
 Amply bedew'd with trickling grief sincere;
 For sorrows such as theirs scorn'd other utterance!

Triumphant exit! *Alexander* bow:
 Illustrious *Julius* how thy eagles droop!
 Tho' armies mourn'd ye dead, or living fear'd you,
 Yet never, never did ye triumph know
 Equivalent to this! Above your heads
 The humble Christian soars! Although no signs,
 No blazing star appears, nor earthquakes shake
 With dire convulsions this terrestrial globe,
 Yet a King died, a greater far than ye,
 A glorious King, a Conqueror of himself.

Ere long the hour must come, when this corruptible
 Shall put on incorruption; lose its cares,
 And lose the many pains that now convulse it.
 Thanks to its Maker, everlasting thanks,
 Death's dart is much less dreadful—on the brink
 Of vast eternity, my trembling soul
 Has shudder'd with dismay; but wond'rous grace,
 Mercy unspeakable, hath kept alive,
 'Till love redeeming rescu'd. Not to me,

But

But to thy name, thou Ransomer of Men,
 Be all the glory giv'n : songs of praise,
 Set to an heav'nly lyre, I hope ere long
 To sing before thy presence; and with Saints,
 Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominions, Pow'rs,
 Join the cœlestial concert; crowns of gold,
 With garments white as snow, a radiant dress,
 Adorn the holy host, the Sons of God!
 Denomination great, the Sons of God!
 Oh glorious title, happiness supreme!
 What happiness to see a Father thron'd
 In dazzling splendour bright! to know his throne
 For ever and for ever shall remain,
 In lustre rising, as long ages roll!

There shall I meet those *Parents*, who on earth
 Rear'd me with tender care; who taught me truth,
 Taught me my duty to the great Supreme,
 By precept and by practice: Pious pair!
 Yes, they shall shine, and there shall I behold them,
 Bright as the splendid stars that deck the cope
 Of heav'n's high firmament; there will I hail
 A long-lost *Brother*, and my *Sisters* greet;
 Lift to their lays, and try to suit my harp
 To bear a part with them, and strike the chords
 To the same measures, in our Saviour's praise.
 My *Edward* and my *Henry* shall be there;
 Immortal then shall friendship's flowrets bloom,
 No cruel blight shall nip them in the bud,
 But foster'd by the warm celestial rays,

G

And

And water'd by the living streams that flow
From *Zion's* sacred spring, shall droop no more.

There shall I see the good of ev'ry age
Form an illustrious band; *Abraham* there,
That father of the faithful, shall salute
Those who believ'd the promises afar.—
David's sweet voice shall echo thro' the vault
Of highest heav'n; quite sublim'd, attun'd
To melody divine; with choral Gods
He sings his anthems now. There *Moses'* face
Shall brighter shine, than when on *Sina's* mount
He convers'd with JEHOVAH. There shall *Paul*,
That great Apostle of the Gentile world,
Blaze like the sun in glory. The Fathers fam'd,
Who fill'd the Eastern Church with Gospel light,
Will glow with lustre there.—Methinks I view
Luther and *Calvin* greeting one another:
There *Cranmer* walks majestic—by his side
See *Ridley*, *Latimer*, and *Hooper* tread.
Oh what a concourse there of British Saints,
Of Martyrs and Reformers!—But I fail:
Too arduous is the task for finite man
To name th' inhabitants of that bright world.

How great the *Christian's* bliss no tongue can tell.
Could mortals have conceiv'd it, YOUNG had known;
But he, high-tow'ring on his eagle wing,
The shadows only saw, and not the substance.
Dare I then make an effort to explore
What human sight has seen not; what no brain,

With

With solid sense and fancy's pow'rs replete,
 Could ever comprehend : how vain th' attempt!
 My soul recoils; and lost in sacred joy,
 Silent adores the Majesty Most High.

Slow thro' the sadden'd sky the pale moon rises;
 The north wind calls for all his blust'ring band;
 Loud roars the storm: Confusion rears her head,
 And pleas'd beholds old Anarchy again,
 Resuming of his sceptre. Batt'ring hail
 Has drove me 'neath this rev'rend antique porch,
 To screen me from its fury: passing clouds
 Obscure the crescent's light.—Methought I heard
 Some human tread—and lo! a sorrowing soul
 Gives vent to anguish heart-felt. Hark! he groans;
 He heeds me not: I'll listen to his 'plaint—
 He groans again!—it is, it is *Lorenzo*!
 E'en by this darkness visible I know him.
 That sigh demonstrated a bursting heart—
 But hush! he speaks.—“ Earth open and receive me!—
 “ This mould so lightly thrown o'er my *Calista*,
 “ Shall separate us not—my phrenzy stop—
 “ Oh heav'n have mercy on me! mercy! mercy!
 “ Let me not go distracted! I have sinn'd,
 “ And thy dread thunderbolts have fell upon me!
 “ Had I reach'd *England* ere *Calista* died;
 “ Could *marriage* have aton'd for virtue wrong'd,
 “ For spotless faith, for innocence betray'd,
 “ For her lost peace of mind, her father's pain,
 “ To thee, my Maker, do I now appeal,

“ 'Twas

" 'Twas my firm purpose! How my hopes are blasted!
 " And is it thus I meet thee, my *Calista*!
 " As I had sinn'd, well might thou think me false:
 " But Oh I lov'd, almost ador'd *Calista*!—
 " Now, now my sighs, my tears are all in vain!—
 " I hear too, that thy father's heaviest curse
 " Hangs o'er this fated head—let him withdraw it;
 " More curs'd I cannot be. Shall I survive thee!
 " My dear *Calista*! I will call thee mine:
 " Look down, bright Saint! from the ætherial height,
 " Grant me remission; Oh my Saint forgive me:
 " By all the pangs I feel, and all I fear,
 " Hear, hear and pity me! On thy cold grave,
 " Beneath the drenching rain, and piercing hail,
 " The cold damp dews of death, and horrors dire,
 " I deeply mourn th' offence:—pray to thy God,
 " That——I rave, I rave! alas, what canst thou do!
 " Hear me, O Saviour gracious, and bestow
 " A calmer temper, and a mind compos'd;
 " Allow me some few moments to repent,
 " To make my peace with thee, before I stand
 " At thy tribunal awful! By thy Cross,
 " Thy dying agonies, O save me, save!"

No more he utters, but with frantic step
 Retreating hasty, leaves to me again
 This sacred solitude; but ceaseless blasts
 Still hideous rushing round the Gothic walls,
 Warn me to study health:—a boist'rous night
 Ill suits with nerves relax'd—and tho' no ghosts,

No grisly spectres stalk before my sight,
 Accustom'd as I am to midnight scenes,
 This night has pow'r to scare me. I will go
 Home to the house my Maker has allotted ;
 Where, ev'ning duties paid, I'll close my eyes,
 Placing my head, and everlasting hope,
 On that foundation, on *that basis firm*,
 Religion only gives : To thee, my God !
 With deep abasement, tranquil I submit
 The guardian care of Body and of Soul !

THE END.

No earthly pleasures shall before my sight,
Accustom'd as I am to midnight scenes,
This night has power to leave me. I will go
Home to the house my Maker has allotted;
Where, ey'ning duties paid, I'll close my eyes,
Placing my head, and everlasting hope,
On that foundation,  my God!
Religion only gives: With deep abatement
The guardian care of Body and of Soul!

THE END.

